

The Tragedie.

Enter Catesby with Hastings head.

Cat. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and vn suspected Hastings.

Glo. So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weepe:
I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse man,
That breathed vpon this earth a Christian:
Looke ye my Lord Maior:

I made him my booke wherein my soule recorded
The Historie of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of vertue,
That his apparant open guilt omitted:
I meane his conuersation with Shores wife,
He laid from all attainer of suspect. (traitor

Buck. Well, well, he was the couertst sheltered
That euer liu'd, would you haue imagined,
Or almost belecue, wert not by great preservation
We liue to tell it you? The subtil traitor
Had this day plotted in the counsell house,
To murder me, and my good Lord of Gloucester.

Mayor. What, had he so?

Glo. What thinke ye we are Turks or Infidels,
Or that we would against the course of Law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villaines death,
But that the extreame perill of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons safetie
Inforst vs to this execution?

Ma. Now faire befall you, he deserued his death,
And you my good L. both, haue well proceeded,
To warne false traitors from the like attempts:
I neuer lookt for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistresse Shore.

Clo. Yet had not we determined he should die,
Vntill your Lordship came to see his death,
Which now the longing haste of these our friends
Some what against our meaning haue peruented,
Because my Lord, wee would haue had you heard
The traitor speake, and timerously confesse
The manner, and the purpose of his treason,
That you might well haue signified the same

of Richard the

*The Trumpets sound, Enter Richard
ham, Catesby, with*

King. Stand all apart. Cosen of
Giue me thy hand:

Thus high by thy aduice
And thy assistance is King Richard
But shall we weare these honours for
Or shall they last, and we reioyce in

Buc. Still liue they, and for euer

King. O Buckingham, now I d
To trie if thou be currant gold inde
Yong Edward liues: thinke now wh

Buc. Say on my gracious souera

King. Why Buckingham, I say I

Buc. Why so you are my thrice

King. Ha: am I King? tis so, but

Buc. True noble Prince.

King. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should liue true in
Cosen, thou wert not wont to be so d
Shall I be plaine? I wish the bastards
And I would haue it suddenly perfor

What saist thou? speake suddenly, t

Buc. Your Grace may do your p

King. Tut, tut, thou art all yce, th
Say, haue I thy consent that they sha

Buc. Giue me some breath, some
Before I positively speake herein:

I will resolue your Grace immediat

Cat. The King is angry, see, he b

King. I will conuerse with iron w
And vnrespective boyes, none are fo

That looke into me with considerat

Boy, high reaching Buckingham gr

Boy. Lord.

King. Knowst thou not any who

Vnc